might give an account of himself and his circumstances, or a crofter in the Highlands describe how his days were spent. A policeman on his beat, a lighthouse-keeper on his solitary vigil, a ship's captain on his bridge, all might be listened to, as well as politicians, authors, scientists, clergymen, peers and peeresses.

While Dr. Goebbels raged and Signor Virginio Gayda imagined vain things, the B.B.C. continued to purvey British mentality at its best, in foreign languages as well as in English, war itself scarcely deflecting it from its course, though necessitating the transference of some of its personnel from London. The same voices speaking in the same accents were heard as in peace; the same gentle persuasion washed against the nine million, patiently wearing away angular opinions; like waves on a beach, ebbing and flowing, transforming rocks and stones into smooth round pebbles, all alike, into a stretch of yellow sand.

had to be cancelled because he would not agree to delete certain passages

from the script he had prepared.